

The Support Worker of Emile Durkheim House

ugly. His stringy black hair was often lousy. He wore Buddy Holly glasses one lens of which was either taped in or falling out. His teeth were rotten. There was a large hole in one of his front molars. Doubtless his appetite for sugary coffee had something to do with it. The first thing he did in the morning was hit the big urn in the basement, grab a big restaurant-style dispenser full of sugar, and empty half of it into his cup. He'd slop a sticky trail all the way to the smoking lounge. He was a pig.

"I'm wise," he told me outside the office, a propos of nothing.

"That's good," I said. "Maybe you should go to bed."

"Can't I stay up if I want to? I'm a big boy."

They returned minutes later. When I opened the office door, Frederick (not Fred) screamed and pointed under the round table. "My head! It came off my other body." I couldn't help looking in the direction of his finger. Gabriel looked too, with a simper. Jack just kept smoking. I assured them there was nothing there.

"I'm scared," Jack said, in a hoarse voice. "Wa-a-a-a-h," he balled. He'd decided to get in on it.

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